



"Ach, Meister, sprecht doch nur ein Wort!"

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# The Meister.

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## The Wagner Museum in Danger.

**ONE** of the most valuable collections stands in peril of dispersal; a collection gathered by patient toil and affectionate self-sacrifice; a collection which, if it now can be preserved, will form a monument to the poet-composer-thinker such as the Bayreuth theatre alone can rival. We refer to the "Richard Wagner Museum," at present located in Vienna, but threatened with one knows not what evaporation.

A translation of the resolution passed unanimously at the Annual General Meeting of the Allgemeine Richard Wagner-Verein, at Bayreuth, July 23rd, will give our readers the best general view of the situation: "The Richard Wagner-Museum of Herr Oesterlein, in Vienna, is in imminent peril of being sold for transportation to America, and thus lost to German Wagner-

research. The Allgemeine Richard Wagner-Verein therefore resolves hereby, that it is desirable that the preservation of the Museum on its present lines be instantly cared for."

Beyond this resolution of "desirability" it was impossible for the general Verein to go, seeing that its own object is directed to the special duty of maintaining or furthering the Bayreuth Festspiels, and that it cannot legally dispose of its funds for the purchase of a private undertaking; the *un*-chartered Branches, however, are of course at liberty to contribute to any Wagnerian object they please. As a committee has already been formed to rescue the Wagner-Museum—hitherto maintained solely by the private exertions, and chiefly from the private purse, of Herr Nicolaus Oesterlein—from what might eventually mean its disposal 'in lots,' the Committee of our London Branch has decided to support the scheme by devoting to it that portion of this year's income which had been set aside for an autumn *Conversazione*, a purpose now frustrated by the sad tidings of Julius Cyriax' death. But it needs £4,500, in all, to purchase this Museum, and thus preserve it as a *whole*. We therefore appeal to our more affluent readers to hasten forward with liberal donations—payable either to our Branch's Secretary, or to Messrs Horn & Dinger, Bankers, Dresden, A. Every donor, or collector, of £50 will be entitled to a voice on the Museum-Committee, and the decision as to the future home of the Museum will depend upon the majority of votes; for it may be found that Bayreuth, or Leipzig, Wagner's birthplace, would be the most suitable place for the permanent location.

It remains to say a word or two as to the intrinsic, and absolutely international value of Oesterlein's collection—which has come to this critical pass solely by reason of its magnitude having quite exceeded the means of a hard-working private person. An article in No. VII. of *The Meister* gave an account of the Museum as it stood in 1889, but since then the collection has increased to over 15,000 'numbers,' chiefly, of course, literary. For our own part, we may say that even the bare catalogue (a work in 3 volumes!) has been of invaluable service in our Wagner inquiries,

and that we have often longed to be able to devote two or three months to a minute study, on the spot, of certain of the objects classified. These objects, if now dispersed, can scarcely be amassed again; for in many cases they are books and journals long since out of print, manuscripts, and autograph scores. Nor is it a mere collection of curiosities, but the only *complete* aid to the student of a phase of art which has stamped so deep a mark on the thought of the nineteenth century. Had it been possible to gather in his lifetime, and immediately thereafter, the written evidences of Shakespeare's influence on his era, to preserve more fully those of Beethoven's reflection on contemporary minds, the world would now have been far richer for the boon. Surely we need not fear that this occasion of perpetuating the memory of half a century of keenest struggle and high endeavour will pass unheeded!

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### In Honour of Julius Cyriax.

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✠ September 29, 1892; aged 52.

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WE have lost one of our best, our sincerest friends, one of the earliest supporters of Wagner's cause in England, one of the staunchest pillars of Bayreuth. I say "we," for every member of the Wagner Society, both at home and abroad, must mourn the loss of so true a man; but if I proceed to speak without the formal "we," it will not be that I do not feel that every reader of these lines will echo my words of sorrow, but that I wish to offer up a humble tribute of personal esteem and gratitude.

In a touching reminiscence entitled "HOMAGE TO SPOHR AND FISCHER" (translated in *The Meister* No. XII.) Richard Wagner has recorded his affectionate regard for these two men, in words

that I may fitly apply to our dear friend Cyriax and that kindred spirit, Walter Bache, who was taken from us nearly five years since: "The regard for the modest art-comrade must needs pass over into the feeling of mournful veneration for the kind human friend. Even in the natures of the two departed ones, must I perceive so close an analogy, that both for me were almost welded into one." So was it, with Cyriax and Bache; ever glad in one another's company, there was in each the same geniality, the same good-natured fun, the same bright, ready wit, and above all, the same devotion to Wagner. Both were personal friends of the Bayreuth master, and both preserved the memory of that friendship as something sacred and not to be flourished in the faces of a gaping crowd. Another link that binds them in my memory, is the almost prophetic coincidence that in that number of *The Meister* (No. II.) which contains an eloquent panegyric on Walter Bache by my early colleague, E. F. Jacques, the following pages are devoted to the account of a delightful lecture given to our Society by Julius Cyriax, and which I almost had to force the modest lecturer to let me print. Thus was it always, with Cyriax: he could not *bear* to see his name in type, and even in the case of our former article on the "THE VIENNA WAGNER-MUSEUM" he refused to allow me to state that he had furnished absolutely the whole material. Again I quote from Wagner's "Homage to Fischer"—a homage which he, if still alive, would have been the first to pay to Cyriax: "How few words it needs, to extol this excellent man to those who knew him. For, no creator and no author, he did not make himself widely known, but only to the handful who stood in the near neighbourhood of his immediate influence, of his *practical activity, and of his unsurpassable friendship*. . . . There live not many upon this earth, as was this rare one. If it be permitted to take this man by the hand of friendship and drag him before the eyes of the world, it is to point out in him the high-deserving, precious comrade."

For myself, I can only say that my sheet-anchor in the Wagnerian cause has been Julius Cyriax. I missed the great

*Nibelungen* festival of 1876, but the first name I heard from an intimate friend, on his return from Bayreuth, was that of Cyriax; and when at last I met him, if I remember aright, in 1882, the *Parsifal* year, I looked upon him as one of those who had fought the good fight when it *was* indeed a battle. Every *Festspiel* since then has brought us more or less together, especially in latter years, affording food for talk in London; and now I feel that Bayreuth will be robbed of one of its brightest beacons.

Some of my pleasantest memories of the festival just past are grouped around the presence of this friend.—Coming out of the theatre, between the acts of *Tristan und Isolde*, he ran up to me and cried in childlike glee, "Isn't this *grand*?" The Sucher here is another woman to what she was, a month ago, in London; all the old fire and splendour, that only Bayreuth can bring out! And then, I could almost fancy myself Ludwig II., for I have got a corner in the *Fürstenloge* where I can't see a soul but those on the stage." The next night, July 23rd, was one of those enjoyable reunions at Wahnfried; coming into the open air—whether it was from the heat of the crowded rooms, I know not—the good friend was seized with a slight attack of that malady which now has snatched him from us. He paused at the end of the avenue, and gasped for breath, but declined all offer of assistance or support: "It will be over in a minute." I remembered then how often he had told me that his heart would suddenly stop, and that his days were numbered; but *he*,—the difficulty over, he hailed a passing "Zweispänner," and just as we were getting in, we were greeted by Heinrich Vogl, "Tristan," and all three drove off to the Café Sammet, the modern Angermann's. There he had another treat in store for me; for he had appointed a meeting with Cyrill Kistler, who, for sartorial reasons consequent on a flying visit, had not put in an appearance at Wahnfried.

I never shall forget the hour spent in the company of those two men, each as full of pure joy-of-life and unaffected love of art, as ever any mortal was. Plans and projects discussed, for the advancement of Kistler's glowing music-dramas; light banter on

the modesty of Cyriax, who had only at last allowed a little waltz to see the light of day on the band at Kissingen, whence the two had lately come; snatches from Kistler's *Kunihild* and *Baldur's Tod*, hummed off by Cyriax and bringing tears of delight into the good Bavarian's eyes. It was an encounter to remember till one's own dying day; only marred by the officiousness of two young strangers, who broke into the conversation with questions as to the chance of finding employment in England as superintendents of some colliery. This made us change our scene; but nothing would induce Cyriax to end his evening, despite his warning malady. Abstemious as always, he was too full of the *stimmung* of the place to lightly bid his friends adieu: we must be off to another house, the Schwarzes Ross, where he would be able to present Kistler to artists who might some day be useful, and to reknit him with those whose memory time and absence might have dimmed. So to the Schwarzes Ross we hied, and spent another hour in jovial gossip with the inner heart of Bayreuth's votaries. Cyriax was here, as ever, the life and soul of the party; and little did I think that it would be the last time I should see him in such mirthful company.

The following day was *Tannhäuser*: the First Act over, he dragged Mr C. A. Barry and myself into the quiet actors'-restaurant and, over his cup of coffee, poured out his soul on the beauties of the work: "If Wagner had never written a note beyond this, how he still would tower above all the rest. And the doing of it! It's worth the journey, ten times over, to hear a *Tannhäuser* given as here."—The next morning I was quietly writing in my lodging, when I heard a motif whistled below: it was from Kistler's *Kunihild*, and I knew that hardly a soul could have it, but Cyriax or the composer. I looked out, and there they were: Cyriax bringing Kistler to say good-bye, and whistling his *ruf* to rouse me.—The next, and last, I heard of him—except for a moment between the Acts of *Die Meistersinger*—was his leaving at my room a little "Valse Tranquille," his modest Opus 2, with an inscription which I thought touching at the time, and still more touching now: "Don't be angry. Yours truly, J. C., Drug-Merchant." This is the last

line I have of his, and it sums up the whole man's character. Retiring, to a fault, and covering up—nay repressing—all his artistic gifts with the mantle of that business which was to secure comfort for his loved ones in years to come.

If I have dwelt upon these trifling incidents, it is because I think a record of Cyriax' last *Bayreuth* may awake responsive chords in the hearts of many who knew him far more intimately than I, but who were not privileged to see him quite so near his end. What he has done for the Wagner Society, others could tell more eloquently, and far more fully than I. It was he, among the handful of founders of this London Branch, who, by his contagious enthusiasm, brought the largest number of members into our ranks; he, who by his sage advice and practical sense, to say nothing of pecuniary support, kept matters going when the Branch was in its infancy; and he who, by his long service as Honorary Secretary and Hon. Treasurer, both added to our little group and made its influence felt. Amid the countless calumnies, and personal charges brought by spite against the Bayreuth master, it was in itself a strong defence, to be able to point to Cyriax and say: Here is a man who knew Richard Wagner intimately, and a man withal whose conduct needs no sponsor for its integrity, whose judgment no testimony to its lucidity and fairness; and *he* abides by Wagner the man. What further evidence do you need?

It may now be asked: In what way shall we perpetuate the memory of Julius Cyriax? After long pondering, I would suggest three parallel courses. First—seeing that it was only a week or two before his death, that an invitation to serve on the committee thereto to be appointed, was forwarded to me for transmission to him—a warm support for the scheme of rescuing the Wagner-Museum already announced. Secondly, a scholarship—or call it what you will—for the Bayreuth School, immediately to be founded, for training young artists in the proper acting, singing and, above all, declamation of Wagnerian rôles: an object that lay only second to the founding of the *Festspielhaus* itself, in Richard Wagner's breast, and which Julius Cyriax was always keen to see accom-

plished. Thirdly—though not directly connected with the Bayreuth cause, yet altogether in its spirit—a generous subscription to the “Kunihild-Baldur Fund,” for the promotion of stage representations of Cyrill Kistler’s music-dramas. I have always heard that Wagner took an eager interest in the works of this, the solitary composer who has had the gift to worthily follow in his footsteps on the musical stage ; and I *know* that Cyriax cherished as one of his fondest hopes the ultimate triumph of Kistler’s music over those obstacles, pecuniary and other, which are always strewn the thickest in the path of genius : it was his last word to me, “We must do all we can, in England, to bring Kistler to the front.” *Kunihild* is to be given at Wurzburg early next year, and, if sufficient funds can be gathered, it will be followed by *Baldur’s Tod* and *Eulenspiegel* ; whilst Kistler is already at work on a fourth grand music-drama, *Wieland*. This composer has lost an active and ever ready friend in Cyriax ; let us try, in some measure, to make good his loss !

By advancing either, or all three, of these objects, we shall be paying the sincerest tribute to Cyriax’ memory ; for with him it was always a case of ‘action and not words.’ We poor writers can but reflect the rings of undulation started by the Deeds of men like him and Feustel—so long the mainstay of Bayreuth, but cut down a year ago—, and without their active energy our phrases would avail nothing. Such men die not, but live on in the results and pattern of their actions ; and with this qualification, I may quote again from Wagner’s words on Fischer :—“Verily, it is a boon that such men be ! It is a priceless satisfaction to have met one such ; an abiding sorrow to see such an one pass from us.”

WM. ASHTON ELLIS.



## The German's Fate in Paris.

*From the German of Richard Wagner. Concluded from page 86.*



**F**one German in Paris I have followed the brief battle for existence;—like everything here, it ran a rapid course, and was over in less than half a year. He was a young man whom Heaven-knows-what sad chance had driven to Paris. He possessed no ordinary talent, being physician, jurist, poet, journalist and bookworm, all in one; he understood Goethe's *Faust*\* from the Prologue in Heaven to the Chorus Mysticus, could write prescriptions, and conduct actions-at-law with any man; moreover he could copy music, and had a method for proving that man has no soul. Confiding in these vast acquirements, he naturally held it an easy thing, even without a sou in his pocket, to start on a distinguished career in Paris, especially when he took count of the warlike preparations that France was making last autumn, and which must undoubtedly call *one* of his faculties into service. He was full of faith when he visited me the first time, although he confessed that Guizot's peaceful tactics were playing him a sorry trick.

Eight days after that visit, I received a letter from the hospital of the Hôtel Dieu:—My well-versed countryman had fallen ill, and taken toll of the benevolent hospitality of the Parisians. I found him in this most excellent institution, hard at work acquiring a knowledge of the French tongue by the aid of a grammar; for the rest, his pluck was somewhat at an ebb,—nevertheless he had a thousand plans in his head, directed for the moment, however, to the provisional warding-off of hunger. Among other projects, he spoke of correcting 'proofs,' of colouring woodcuts, of covering lucifer-matchboxes; but with the greatest predilection, of chorus-singing in the Grand Opera: for my richly-endowed fellow-countryman knew also how to sing. I

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\* A year before writing this *feuilleton* Wagner had composed his *Faust* overture, intending it to form the first movement of a *Faust* Symphony.—T.R.

promised to do my best for the realisation of his plans; and supplied him with snuff.

Soon thereafter I received another letter from him, but this time from the *Hôpital de la Pitié*; I visited him there too, and had the opportunity of remarking that this infirmary is far more scantily and less cleanly furnished than the Hôtel Dieu. I could not quite make out why my intelligent countryman had effected this change of hospice; but my mind was set at ease when I found him in tolerably good health. I gathered from him that nothing had come of the matchbox-covering, the colouring, or the correcting; but on the other hand, he was working at a demonstration that the soul consists of carbonic-acid and galvanism, and had every hope of redemption from his evil lot.

Then came the fifteenth of December, the day of the home-bringing of Napoleon's ashes. All the world knows that upon that day God bestowed on the Parisians an unheard degree of cold. I had frozen for four hours on the flagstones of the Place des Invalides, and was envying my well-sheltered countryman, whom I believed beneath one of the warm coverlids of the Pitié. But the wretched man had not been able to resist the chronicler's temptation—for he wrote history too—to take personal stock of the interment of the Imperial remains. Well enough as this was, since otherwise he might have been betrayed as easily into denying the fact of that interment as the existence of the soul,—yet the poor creature's clothing was utterly unsuited to the bitter cold of that memorable day; it had obviously been tailored in one of the bygone summers of its possessor's blither life, and obstinately declined to yield sufficient covering to the somewhat massive frame of my otherwise so careful friend. Standing shivering there, he presented a piteous spectacle which pierced my very heart. Some counsel must be taken for his most immediate needs,—and I was able to call one of his least important faculties into play: the philosopher, jurist, medicine-man and historian—must copy music.

Soon, however, this channel of support was dried up, for

unfortunately I did not know an overwhelming number of people who had any music to copy.\* Other ways and means must be sought for. After I had not seen my soul-denier for some few days, he came unheralded into my room, and told me that he had every reason to expect engagement for a sort of accountantship in a factory at Beauvais; a substantial salary would in no great length of time enable him to save up a little capital, which would place him in the position to devote a few months of unobstructed leisure to the main purpose of his life: namely, the explanation of Goethe's Faust to the French people, for which he would have ample opportunity of gaining the necessary insight into the French language from his intercourse with the factory-hands.

When he came to take farewell of me I congratulated him, and wished him fortune on his journey. But as I asked whether he would come back soon to Paris, he explained that this would be a matter of some difficulty, since he thought of going to Australia for the present. Nothing had come of Beauvais, but in his capacity of physician he believed he had secured a berth as ship's-doctor on an emigrant ship sailing from London to Australia, and that very day he was expecting the passage-money to London. This time we had a most affecting parting; for a journey to Australia is no joking matter. I soon had to discover that my withers had been wrung in vain; since the passage-money never arrived.

My unhappy countryman was now at his wit's end what to do. He had nothing to live on, and I could not conceive where he got his food from. I had observed that it required an astonishing amount of victuals to satisfy the demands of his extraordinarily powerful constitution; in fact, this circumstance had helped to cloud his else so clear and upright judgment, when he declared that the dietary of the Parisian hospitals was calculated for the ruin of their patients, since the weak did not get nourishment

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\* It is perhaps needless to point out how much of this little story, so far, is borrowed from the author's own Parisian experiences, thus forming a pendant to *A Life's End in Paris*, which appeared in Nos. XI. and XII. of *The Meister*.—Tr.

enough to regain their strength, and the strong were necessarily reduced to weakness.

Upon inquiry, I learnt at last that there were two benevolent ladies of the millinery profession, who, at first attracted by an interest in his not altogether distasteful figure, had devoted him a certain share of sympathy; which, on the part of the one dame, took the form of providing victuals and drink, on that of the other, of lending him occasional twenty-sous-pieces. I don't quite know whether the fickleness of these tender-hearted ladies, or my countryman's feeling of moral profanation, was the cause of this relationship coming to a speedy end; thus much is certain, that I one day found him a prey to struggles of quite a different sort. He disclosed to me that the widow of an *Estaminet*-keeper, in a side-street off the Rue St Antoine, had cast betrothful eyes upon his aptness for a model husband. As he explained to me, the pinch of want had already compelled him to enter upon negotiations with this dame, whereon to base a conjugal alliance desired by her. She had promised him board and lodging in keeping with his station, together with all the other rights and titles of a wedded husband, excepting only any claim upon her property; in return, it would be his duty to devote himself exclusively to the details of the hostelry, and this was the knotty question to which my high-soaring countryman would never give an affirmative answer. He had agreed to take over from noon to night the duties incumbent on the husband of an *estaminet*-propietrix; but on the other hand, had stipulated for unconditional freedom to dispose of his morning hours, in order to work at his explanation of Faust and his proof of the non-existence of the soul. Thereon, however, the lady had repeatedly declared that the morning hours were the most lucrative for the *estaminet*, and he must therefore always serve the *pot au feu*, and leave Faust and the soul unproven.—The struggle, between the pangs of hunger and the consciousness of a higher earthly mission, was hard—but noble; the breast of my soul-denying countryman swelled to its fill, and with a melancholy sigh he determined to refuse the conjugal shelter at the corner of the Rue St Antoine.

To make amends, a fine opening soon presented itself to him, namely the post of keeper in a madhouse; besides the advantages of food and pay, it was most important and desirable for sake of his scientific demonstration. But God only knows what objections the lunatics may have had to him,—here too he was obliged, in the long run, to stand back. Once more he cast a glance upon the Estaminet-widow, but made up his mind the rather to colour pictures for bonbon-boxes, or to publish a German newspaper. The one resource met with as many difficulties as the other; and the marriage struggle commenced afresh in his tortured but self-disowning soul. However, he definitely ended this strife when the favourable prospect unrolled itself of getting a situation as tutor to the children of a famous learned Englishman. This Englishman, besides his riches and his children, had the property of being a historical-researcher; and, as we already know, my much-knowing countryman was also an adept in history; so that nothing could possibly be more suited to him, than this particular engagement. Truly fortune seemed to smile upon him; the Briton recognised the worth of the candidate's enormous stock of qualities—and the affair was settled.

For a little while I did not see my enviable countryman again. As I knew that the Engländer had intended to go upon a travel, so nothing was more natural than for me to assume that his tutor was accompanying him. One day I paid a visit to the Jardin des Plantes, and was contemplating the young bears who had but shortly seen the light of our earthly day, when I heard close beside me the insupportable bellowing of a boy about four years old:—I turned round;—who can depict my astonishment at seeing the ill-brought-up child sitting on the arm of my eminently well-clad Faust-explainer, and at his side a worthy dame with a huge knitting-bag and a tiny maiden! After the first shock, my friend greeted me with an embarrassed smile, and invited me to visit him in his wife's estaminet at the corner of the Rue St Antoine.— — — Poor France! who now shall explain thee Goethe's Faust? Erring mortals! who shall now prove you the non-

existence of your souls? He who could have done both with such surprising clearness, in poetry and prose, now spends his whole life a-serving pot-au-feu and drawing Strassburg beer! —

This story contains incident enough to fill at least ten years of life, in a German minor capital; here, as I have already stated, it passed in less than six Parisian months. Nay, it would have spun itself off in even briefer time, if my richly-gifted friend had used a little more active violence in the cutting of his knot, if he had chosen to have recourse to ruse or means forbidden, or in a word, if it had seemed good to him to indulge in the Parisian system of intrigue and hocus-pocus. 'Tis past belief, how futile in Paris are the most ingenious of those devices by which a German will often help himself at home to years of credit and repute; here they are mere child's-play, compared with the immense perfection of the tactics of the *chevalier d'industrie*. I remember, to my deep regret, having met another of my fellow-countrymen, who, apparently less because he thought it good than because he held it necessary, ventured on the unfortunate attempt to assist himself by daring swindles and impudent circumventions of the laws of Paris. I believe he has reaped the experience, that the lawless Parisians have a law against everything, including German strokes of genius. This countryman stayed an uncommonly short while in Paris.

In fact, the inventive gift seems to be quite the most fruitless road to fortune, for a poor German devil in Paris; far better adapted to the purpose is the gift of Music. The Germans have thereby gained themselves such credit, that no Frenchman can conceive a German possible who does not understand music. When in any social gathering an emergency arises, requiring a pianoforte-player to accompany a romance by Demoiselle Puget, and people ascertain that a German is present, they at once conclude that their difficulty is at an end; for why else was this German engendered by his father and born of his mother, but to play the pianoforte? Should it happen that the German, engrossed in his study of the Hegelian philosophy, has forgotten to

unearth and cultivate his musical talent, so that he is obliged to deny the prayer of a Parisienne for an accompaniment to a Pugetian romance,—then there is surely nothing for the lady to do, but swiftly cross herself; for she is bound to hold that German for a ghost, a phantom, an unhallowed thing. But if the German understands music and plays the piano, he has all the claims and prospects of a surpassingly brilliant career; since he can become a virtuoso, a teacher, and God-knows-what besides: only not a minister, such as Spontini became with us. He can, however, which is far more important, become the bridegroom of the daughter of a banker; for even in the higher circles a certain leaning to German marriages may be detected, especially when the match is the result of enthusiasm for art, which no one knows better to inspire than the German when he sits upon the music-stool. Here, however, closes the vista of the musician; more than the son-in-law of a banker he can never hope to become, at least through what he is and performs:—if he attains to even dizzier heights of fortune along this path, for instance if he becomes a leading composer at the Grand Opera, like Meyerbeer, he will have done this in virtue of his bankership; for in Paris a banker can do anything, even compose operas and get them on the stage.

Thus it is to be concluded, that the rank of Banker is withal the most consummate quality that a German in Paris can possess. But the German bankers, of whom there is a goodly number in Paris, no longer pass as Germans; they are lifted high above all nationality, and therefore above all national prejudices; they belong to the Universe and the Paris Bourse. Let these bankers, then, be provided with never so much government paper and funded capital, that does not budge an inch the ingrained French determination to consider every German poor; for it would never occur to any one, to recognise in these bankers their German nationality. At the very least the Parisians observe this difference, that when talking of a German banker they say: "*ce monsieur est banquier, je crois allemand,*" whereas they will say of a

German author: "*il est allemand, je crois homme de lettres.*" Rothschild is in their eyes more of a cosmopolitan Jew than a German; even his German name they hardly ever mention, generally calling him: "*No. 15, Rue Lafitte.*"

Moreover, the banker's own first care, after he has brought his business to a certain pitch, is to strip off his German nationality; they take the greatest pains to be more French than the Frenchmen, and indeed they are the only ones who succeed in copying the French habits to a T. They are most successful with their adoption of French egoism, less so with that of delicate French manners; I am told that there are German bankers here, who have outbursts of coarseness that would distinguish a police-official in the Fatherland. They are generally covered with confusion when addressed in their mother-tongue; a chaste flash of shame then makes their eyes to glisten, and reddens charmingly their yellow cheeks; for every German banker, however corpulent he grow, preserves in daily life, and when speaking French, a heavy eye and pallid cheeks. They are much beloved therefor, however, by the Parisians,—and do excellent business.

The best, the truest Germans are the poor; they learn in Paris to prize their mother-tongue afresh, and forget the while to master French. Their oft enfeebled patriotic sense gains here a new lease of strength, and, however much they shun return to home, they pine of true homesickness. They require a whole year to get accustomed to Paris ways; till then, they stumble over every *gamin* and against each picture-counter. They soon learn to avoid the gamins, but to adore and reverence the picture-stalls. Whole hours of the day do they pass before them, for here they make their study of Paris, and first acquire true knowledge of its inhabitants. Upon these counters they discover the open secrets of Parisian family-life; for hardly a day passes but they there behold fresh pictures and caricatures, disclosing to them the mysteries of the political and social aspect of the Capital. When two Germans meet, it is only natural that they should relate to each other their most recent experiences; these experiences, how-

ever, often reduce themselves to an account of what they have discovered in front of those picture-stalls. They will relate, for instance, how they have seen two children before a picture representing Adam and Eve, and how one child asked the other which was the man and which the woman, in the painting? whereon the other answered: "One can't tell that, for they haven't any clothes on."\*—They will relate, further, how they have seen a grocer returning from his service in the National Guard, to find his wife in the act of hiding her lover away; the grocer has drawn his sabre, to hack his rival to pieces,—but his gentle spouse throws herself before him, with the cry: "Wretched man, would you kill the father of your children?"—Suchlike experiences are daily to be reaped before these picture-stalls; the German profits by them, and is convinced that he has witnessed the actual occurrence.—

These impecunious Germans generally have an abundance of talent and phantasy, and above all are they faithful friends; I for my own part have learnt here first what friendship is. They also form a still community in Paris, and observe the vow of renunciation; they are chaste, and follow with most scrupulous conscientiousness the prescripts of the law. Often, however, they devise great plans for conquering Paris, and daring wishes and desires not seldom spring-up in their hearts. But who can stay impassive, when by paying four francs at the ticket-office he can acquire the right to take his place on one of the crimson-velveted fauteuils of the Opera *parterre* (pit-stalls)? In front he sees the supplest and most elegant of danseuses in the world, stretching out their yearning feet towards the Jockey-club's own box; upon either hand he beholds above him the most graceful ladies, with snowy busts and blinding toilettes, who rain down the most intoxicating perfumes upon his gas-accustomed nose; behind him, he may gaze upon a mystically-lighted box, above which he perceives the

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\* This little anecdote, probably from the *Charivari*, or some such comic paper of the day, is later made the subject of a note to the Second Part of *Opera und Drama*.—Tr.

awe-inspiring initials *L. P.* (Louis Philippe) which are sometimes mistaken for the monogram of the Opera-Director, Léon Pillet. All this creates an ensemble which is often positively dangerous to the vows of the poor German brotherhood in Paris. True, that it would never occur to one single member to break them—for which of my countrymen possesses the necessary force or fortune?—but impious wishes are sometimes hard to overcome.

Such wishes commonly lead to the most desperate ennui; the arts of Liszt\* and Chopin, the tones of Duprez and the Dorus-Gras, nay, even Rubini's immortal trills can seldom then dispel a weariness of soul which they far more often contribute to increase.

What a mercy then, when Spring appears, and one obtains a reasonable pretext for fleeing Paris with all its indelible temptations and *ennuyant* hubbub. For then there is nothing left in Paris for a German to do, but at most to go and see the giraffes, or to wait for some new revolution. Of course there are a thousand other things to busy the Parisians, even in summertime; but the German, after passing through a winter of abstentions, turns yearning toward the quiet joys of country-life.

But, around Paris, the puzzle is to find the country!—This city has a circumference of at least forty German miles;—everywhere bankers' villas, and houses full of ministers and capitalists.

It was with real delight, then, that I discovered, two leagues from Paris, a solitary old-fashioned house. How I breathed again! for to be unsurrounded by neighbours, is a piece of fortune which one learns in Paris first to prize! In hiring an apartment in this

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\* It is well known that Wagner was never an admirer of what he calls *virtuosenthum*, and it was at this period that Liszt's fame as a 'virtuoso' was at its height. We therefore need not be surprised that from the solitary meeting of the two predestined friends, in Paris at this time, our author should have taken away unfavourable impressions. The meeting appears to have taken place between March 24th and April 6th, 1841; while this essay must have been written subsequently to April 29th, the date of Wagner's removal to Meudon. It was not till three years had elapsed, that Wagner and Liszt met again, this time at Dresden where the foundation-stone of their lasting friendship may be said to have been prepared.—TR.

building, I was also enraptured by the circumstance that I gathered, from the endless mass of pictures in the chamber of its owner, that my host was a painter. However execrable these pictures were, yet they inspired me with a comforting assurance of the noiselessness of their creator's trade,—for pictures, so long at least as one does not see them, do not cause disturbance.

I was much amused by the original cut of my landlord, a man about eighty years old with the vigour of forty. He told me that he had passed the greater portion of his life at the court of Versailles, and that he therefore was a Legitimist, above all since the July-Revolution had robbed him of a pension of 1,000 fr. I gave my blessing on his faith, and explained my reasons for considering Legitimism a first-rate thing. This pleased him immensely; but he deplored the more my indifference to Legitimistic matters when I chanced, in absent-mindedness, to wound his better feelings;—he was telling me, to wit, that he still remembered distinctly the interment of the wife of Louis XV., whereon I gauchely asked him whether he referred to the Pompadour or the Dubarry?

Nevertheless we remained firm friends throughout the whole first day. I was only upset by a discovery which I made when I looked out of my window into the garden at the back of the house: in the middle thereof there stood a huge washing-tub, which my Legitimist had filled with water in the morning, had left in the sun to warm, and entered before dinner in highly illegitimate un-clothing.

More disturbing than this sad discovery, however, was the treat the worthy minion of the Dubarry gave me to hear in the evening. I had not seen *all* his rooms, and thus I was unaware of the respectable collection of musical instruments which he kept in one of them. The miserable man, besides his painting and his legitimism, had devoted himself to the invention of implements of sound, which every evening and each morning he experimented upon, one after the other. My sufferings under this terrible custom of my landlord will be readily conceived, when I aver that until this very day all my attempts to guide his

atrocious talent for invention into other and more silent paths have proved completely fruitless.

It is impossible to withdraw into solitude, away from the evidences of Parisian culture, without making a considerable journey. Lucky the banker, who can afford such journeys! Lucky the born Parisian, who does not need such recreation! But woe to the Paris-dwelling German who is not withal a banker! He will be irredeemably engulfed in this sea of pleasureless pleasures, if he do not succeed in becoming a banker!

On you, ye 30,000 of the German nation, now in Paris, may Providence bestow redemption!

### Richard Wagner as Man.

*By C. F. Glasenapp. Concluded from page 93.*



IN Literature Wagner knew everything worth knowing, from the works of olden time down to the newest products of even the so-called "elegant" school; to the astonishment of his friends, who even here could never, or but rarely, introduce a novelty to him. Nothing escaped him; whatever one broached, he knew about it already, and had taken up a standpoint toward it. From the well-filled library that adorns the walls of the Wahnfried reception-room, he loved to bring into the midst of the conversation some apposite volume. At times it would be an old block-printed book of Guttenberg, whereof he would jokingly say that it came "from the time before he had fallen out with Faust." He then would play to the life—as was his wont when making use of his library for purposes of familiar social intercourse—the rôle of the good old host described in his *Beethoven* essay, from the period before the transition from the art of writing to that of printing; the host who "read to his guests from the precious manuscript folio of the house": whereas every one to-day reads silently from the printed book for himself alone, and the reader is written-for

by the "writer" ("*Schriftsteller*"). "As for myself," he would say, with an expression of self-content and an invitation to follow in his footsteps, "no one can accuse me of being one-sided." One-sidedness of culture was odious to him, from every point of view. He would not tolerate it among those who gathered round him as pupils or disciples; they must put their shoulders to it, to make good whatever was deficient in their general stock of knowledge. That a man might be not only cowardly and base, but also stupid, without these qualities hindering him from being a "quite respectable musician," he had early enough recognised as one of the most sorrowful psychological phenomena in the dominion of his art.—In this connection, I may also mention that he advised his musician friends to learn a little Latin too, since that was indispensable for the understanding of any scientific book.

All knowledge worth the knowing, or feasible of acquisition—with the sole exception of mathematics and abstract logic, which were distasteful to him by reason of their mere formal cast—seemed to be so much raw material gathered for combination in his omnivorous mind. But it was by no means the mere knowledge as such, that he had to do with; to him might rather have been applied in full Wilhelm von Humboldt's fine saying about Schiller: Mere knowledge appeared to him too gross, and the powers of spirit too noble, for him to see more therein than the matter for future treatment. Moreover, Wagner brought so much original thought to his reading, that it not seldom happened that, in looking up a work whence he fancied he had derived some particular idea long years ago, he would search in vain: the thought had issued from himself, not from the book. Thus a dramatic subject which had long occupied him, and for which a musical theme had already presented itself, could not in later years be discovered by careful seeking in the learned book wherein he believed that he had met with its narration; at least, not in the pregnant form in which it had come before his inner vision during the first reading. For he would set the inessential aside at once, sifting accurately therefrom the real essential.

With special love he ever and anon returned to *Homer*, for him the loftiest of all poets; nay, as with the Greeks themselves, *the* Poet out and out. Was Homer an "artist" too?—this was the question he once suggested in the *Bayreuther Blätter*; only to answer, that whoever should attempt to demonstrate the art of Homer, would set himself a task as hard as that of explaining the origin of a human being by the erudite construction of a—say supernatural—Professor of Chemistry. Not Homer was an Artist: but rather, from him had all succeeding poets learnt their art. From earliest youth, Homer was his familiar friend, *his* acquaintance preceding even that of Beethoven; and in the sorest straits of Wagner's life, a plunge into this epitome of Greekdom sufficed to bring him solace and oblivion. With special predilection would he read that passage from the Nineteenth Iliad to which he so significantly alludes in *Opera and Drama*, where Achilles is warned by his faithful friend, the horse Xanthos, of his approaching death. The "gruesomeness" of Homer, in his description of the reeking entrails, would he also lay his finger on; but this, too, was "*echt*," he would promptly add, thus accenting Goethe's saying, that the moderns pictured horribly, the ancients pictured Horror (*die Neueren furchtbar schilderten, die Alten das Furchtbare*).

A keen and faithful *Memory*, with the power it gives of seeing one's whole past life and all its individual incidents spread out in vivid light, Schopenhauer has assigned as an essential attribute of "Genius." With Wagner we meet this in an extraordinary, nay, marvellous degree. His whole life and all its fitful changes, its almost interminable list of personal acquaintanceships, its wealth of impressions stored from countries, cities, manners and customs, lay open before him at each instant. One reminiscence called back another, the earliest linking itself with the most recent; names, circumstances, associations, were ever ready at his beck and call. Where had he *not* been? Whither had a spirit of unrest, a changeful and eventful lot, not borne him? He knew

the coasts of Norway and the Mediterranean, the shores of the Neva and the Rhone: London, Paris, St Petersburg, Moscow, Buda-Pesth, Genoa, Venice, Florence, Milan, had harboured him for longer or for shorter periods; to say nothing of German, Austrian, and Swiss resorts. In Paris, during two long sojourns, he had been almost as in his own house, albeit it never could become his home. And from everywhere he had brought back a thousand characteristic anecdotes of things and persons, with the which his conversation was richly strewn. Nothing had escaped his notice, nothing his marvellous memory: his faculty of observation immediately reacted to the physical impression, and the impression once received, be it even the most trivial, nevermore effaced itself. In the year 1832 he had passed through the small Moravian town of Znaim; fifty years later, he remembered that he had made the journey in a "*Zeiselwagen*" (a long car on which the passengers sit back to back). In 1872, wandering through the streets of Wurzburg, which he had not trodden since the time when he was a young man, he reeled off at once to his companions the name of each street or square they came to: "This is the *Herrengass'*, this the *Eichhorngass'*"; and to their astonished question, how he could have retained all this in his mind, he replied, with swift and eager discrimination: He had not *retained* it at all, it *came back* to him on the spur of the moment.

In this place, I think I may well adduce some further proofs from the rich store of recollections of Riga that lingered in the master's memory to the last, how short soever the period for which our city sheltered him within its walls. Before all, our *Düna*-bridge, with its *Struse* (timber-rafts) on the one hand, its mighty merchant-vessels on the other, stood fast in his remembrance. There the broad expanse of floats, here the proud forest of English masts, and between the two the *Makler* (factor): the whole, he said, was an object-lesson in commerce. The town itself he only knew under its ancient aspect, with its girdle of moats and ramparts. "Are the ramparts destroyed?" he once asked, with a regretful interest in this alteration. He remembered vividly his

dwelling in the Petersburger-Vorstadt, the *Bodrow'sches Haus* (now, Alexanderstrasse, No. 9); also his first foothold in the inner city, the *Than'sches Haus* in the Schmiedestrasse, with its everlasting fumes of Schnapps and Alcohol. He told us that, his first winter in Riga, he had taken his wife for a sleigh-drive to the Bolderaa, because the effect of the float-ice in that part had been described to him as most imposing. Instead thereof, the sight of the gulf bestrewn with leagues on leagues of tarnished ice, on which the sodden snow was heaped in yellow masses, had been one of the most dismal experiences he could well imagine. The environs of our city, Hagensberg and Sassenhof, were fresh in his memory; and it still amused him to reflect that the inhabitants of Riga used to call their summer outing there a dwelling "in the country" ("*Im Grünen*"), although there was nothing but leagues of sand to be seen. He asked eagerly and repeatedly after a place that lay about a mile from the Petersburger-Vorstadt, on the left of the main road, and was then a favourite goal for an afternoon's walk—saying that the "Wöhrmann'sche Park" was even at that time a fine enclosure. The "Ressource"-club in the Schwarzhäupter-Platz, with its whist-parties, its "fresh-pickled salmon," and its Reval anchovies, and a host of other details from the daily life of Riga too numerous to mention, down to the People's-sports in the Imperial Gardens, had remained rooted in his memory, and lived again in recollection; the melodious sounds of the Russian tongue—here heard for the first time by him—included with the rest. His more intimate reminiscences of theatrical relations here, I will not now touch upon; I may refer instead to their description—not altogether unfavourable, as compared with Magdeburg and Königsberg—given in his "*Communication to my Friends*."

From another point of view, the way in which he kept his enormous gift of recollection in constant exercise thoroughly bore out Schopenhauer's theory of Memory, according to which the latter is by no means to be considered as a vast granary, a store-house for completed pictures (*Vorstellungen*); but rather, each of these, at the moment of its several recurrence, is a freshly-wrought

production of the brain, however fortified by practice. For in his conversation he instinctively renewed, in ceaseless circulation, the whole chain, the whole variegated image of all the events that had passed over his horizon since his earliest youth. So thoroughly was it a part of the nature of this ever-active mind, in which the whole metaphysical basis of being was at every instant intimately present through his mighty art, to constantly enrich this inner intuition of the deepest essence of Life by impressions gathered both from the insight of the moment and the living memory of the past.

In close connection with this liveliness of Memory, stands also the deep *inner continuity of Wagner's personality*. Whoever saw him once could not but say that, just as there was no one like him, so, and in yet higher measure, must he ever have been like himself, through all the various stages of his life. The "ever youthful" had carried so much of the scintillating fire of spring into the depths of autumn, that the aspect of the Bayreuth master, the creator of *Parsifal*, could summon up the living portrait of the revolutionary exile of 1850, the Dresden Kapellmeister, the Paris author and composer of *Rienzi*, and finally the conductor of Riga and Magdeburg, the poet of the *Liebesverbot*, or the chorusmaster of Wurzburg. Nay, from among the recently imparted data of the master's early childhood, we may willingly accept on trust the genuineness of some, and those the less significant: whereas we could vouch for that of others at the first glance, from their complete accordance with his lifelong character. When in the year 1880 a beautifully-transcribed collection of letters to an intimate friend, dating from the time of *Opera and Drama* and almost of the compass of that work, was brought to Wahnfried, and Wagner made their acquaintance afresh, as of something now become quite foreign to him through such a lapse of time—he was utterly astonished to recognise himself so fully in their record. But when the day shall come for the publication of Richard Wagner's epistolary correspondence, from all the diverse epochs of his life, in as many volumes as his "Collected Writings" now embrace: then will this collection, for

which the time must ripen yet, not only show to us or our descendants his wealth of thought and feeling, but above all the complete *unity* of his personal character. Scattered singly, however, in our political and musical journals, as the favourite custom is, these splendid witnesses are simply unintelligible in their best and highest meaning.

The key to this Unity of Wagner's personality lay not alone in his extraordinarily marked and forceful individuality, which always knew what it wanted and pressed forward without fear or trembling to its goal, but also in the incomparable resolution wherewith he obeyed the dictates of this individuality under the sorest stress of outside pressure. Every yielding, every submission to an alien influence, always venged itself upon him far more terribly than the severest privations and denials. Thus was it, when in 1850, yielding to the pressure of well-meaning friends, he went to Paris to seek an opera success, against his true artistic convictions. The violence he thus did to his inner nature, reacted so crushingly upon himself that, almost solely through this burden, he came nigh to physical undoing. In this regard, I may cite that passage in the *Artwork of the Future* (vol. I, p. 192, of the translation): "The nature of man is manifold and over-fruitful; but *one thing* alone is the *soul* of every unit, its most imperious bent: . . . and if the individual put forth all his force to satisfy that impulse, he thus will likewise lift aloft his special faculties to their fullest height. . . ." How characteristic also is that letter of his to Liszt, in which, in act to proceed to the musical setting of his *Rheingold*, he replies to the invitation to take part in a newly-mooted journalistic undertaking—for the furtherance and elucidation of his art-ideas—with a *refusal*! "Just as, a short while since, it was to me a pressing need to speak out, in its entire connection, my rebellion against the present state of Life and Art," he there says, "just so—and just *because* thereof—am I now completely void of any inner impulse to utterances which are no longer a portion of my need. *This* is what is every day becoming clearer to me:—namely, that my faculties, taken one by one, are certainly not great, and I can

only be and do somewhat when I concentrate them all upon one focus, and recklessly consume therein myself and them. Whatever, then, my prompting bids me, *that* becomes my whole self, so long as needed: be it musician, poet, conductor, writer, reciter, or whatsoever else. Outside of this, however,—outside of this main current—I cannot do or fashion anything without the utmost violence upon myself; and then I should but make a sorry show." (To Liszt, Aug. 16, 1853).

The seal of this almost terrible energy, which fights down every passing fancy in favour of the deepest need, we see stamped upon the whole of Wagner's life. In its tension consists the *oneness* of his personality, through all the phases and the haps of life; while the changing hazards and impressions of his outward lot draw from the manysidedness of his human and artistic faculties such an exhaustless store of utterance as seems to voice the whole contents of human nature.

How every separate trait of this man's being appeals to us, each several glimpse into its abundant fulness! Each tradition—bearing on its face veracity—of the greatness and goodness of his heart, of the passionate ardour of his artist fire, of his magnanimity and unrivalled tenderness, of the tempest of his righteous indignation, the sublimity of his flaming scorn,—does not each single tale appear to lift the curtain from some *novel* aspect of his being? Each tiny incident from his life, that shows him now usurped by the restless *Daimon* of his creative Will, and now in lovable forgetfulness of self and tender forethought for his neighbour; now deep oppressed by the impossibility of a liberation through actual artistic Deed, yet, mid all shackles of outward bondage, asserting to the end his inner freedom by indomitable sincerity of purpose; bending to suffering the ear of fellow-suffering, and—how often!—forgetting his own want in others' woe; full of indulgence, sympathy and gratitude towards his friends, full of interest in the smallest matters of their daily life, which, once heard or shared in, for ever after lingered in his memory; ever generous, and ready to forget-and-forgive; full of

cheerfulness and ever-flowing mirth, as full of the fire of lofty earnestness; innocently yielding to the impulse of the moment, as eternally warding off the thing unworthy, and resolute of decision mid life's severest riddles or affairs' most sore perplexity:—does not each such hap disclose to us fresh features of this boundless store of ripe humanity?

And yet, it but needs a true and honest scrutiny of the figures that his art created and dowered with the unequalled might and eloquence of his music, to find in every one a measure of the *whole man* Richard Wagner, a symbol of the richness of his human soul. Of this human soul no tradition tells us more—only the same thing in other words—than he himself has left in those great pictures ready to our hand and eye.

Already in *Rienzi*, the fiery offspring of his youthful hero-worship, does there not live the whole man and hero Richard Wagner, with all his grandeur, strength and tenderness? *Tannhäuser*, in the utmost contrasts of his nature, urged on from passionate affirmation of the impulse of life's senses to a negation, as terrible in its resolve, finds but his nearest kinsman in the power-lusting god who renounces all his Will, to gladly greet "the End." What lies there not in the Master's own deep saying, that *Titirel* was none other than *Wotan*, in whom the Will had broken its own pride? And *Hans Sachs*, with all his earnest resignation, his gentleness, his exquisite irony; *Sachs*, to whom there opens out a view into the inner mystery of the illusion-guided world, now that he has renounced his private good! And *Siegfried*, the fearless Free,—is not the *whole* Richard Wagner contained in him? What is it that so o'ermasters us, at the mere hearing of a few notes of that music to whose strains he strides through the fire, to waken *Brünnhild* from her slumber,—what else, but that here the whole being of the hero Wagner sounds out with thrilling vividness of presence? And if we yet insist that Wagner was *still more* than is expressed in all these characters, it is only because the fulness of his human nature united and embraced them all, and, in glancing at his life and life-work, we

now see more the Siegfried, now the Wotan, now Sachs, now Titurel; much in the same way as it was impossible to exhaust the expression of his mobile features in any single picture, and now this, now that among the better portraits, would find its vindication in their changeful play. To deal properly with the artist Wagner as *Man*, would mean then: to gather up the features of his separate art-creations into one supreme and glorious whole.

Thus do all Wagner's artworks lead us back to the human being, Richard Wagner, wherefrom they issued. And in that they have the power to do this, consists their highest, their peculiar worth for us and for all coming ages, to whom his living human likeness is lost beyond recall. For were they mere fictions of a special sphere of Art, alien and remote from Life, and therefore truly non-existent, then might they leave us cold and unconcerned. But that, for their conception and bringing-forth, they must first have been *lived-through*, and felt in every trait; thus that, or e'er they became realities of Art, they must first have been realities of *human Life*, and that every hearer of the Artwork directly and intuitively feels this,—herewith alone are they true revelations of the breadth of Human Nature, and of the power and intensity whereto it can uplift itself in the person of one pre-eminent man.



## NOTES.

I AM afraid that, even in Wagnerian matters, the laws of Time and Space are inexorable; therefore I have to omit much that I wished to say this quarter, and to defer the fulfilment of certain past obligations until the next. I had hoped to be able to print the completion of the "TRISTAN DRAMA" article this year, but it has to be kept over, by pressure of other matter, till 1893; I had also hoped to enter somewhat fully upon the Festspiel just past, but it must be dismissed with a word or two.

In the case of the Bayreuth Festspiele, however, I always feel that, as no words can do them ample justice, perhaps after all a short notice is better than a long. In any case, I may refer those of my readers who require further details than I here have space for, to three longish letters which I sent to the "Musical News" of August 19th, 26th, and September 2nd. In our own little circle, I may restrict my comments to a few of the more general features. We do not so much ask how the individual singers sang, as—whether the performances have been carried out in the Bayreuth spirit?

I have no hesitation in answering, that I do not remember any Festspiel which has so fully realised the Master's intentions in every respect. We have had a round of four great works, all carried out with a dramatic reverence which, at least as applied to the lyric—or let one rather say, the musico-dramatic-stage, is nowhere found outside Bayreuth; and I venture to add that, even with singers of far less eminence and ability than those whom Bayreuth has always been able—and always will be able—to assemble, the artistic result of the performances need never be feared for, under the present regime! With a business-manager, such as Adolf von Gross, a stage-manager such as Anton Fuchs, Conductors such as Lévi, Mottl and Hans Richter, Chorus-directors such as Kniese and his subordinates (among whom we must not forget Carl Armbruster) and above all, for supreme directing head, Frau Cosima Wagner, the Bayreuth presentation of Richard Wagner's works is secure from any falling-off. I need only appeal to

the marvellous results of the care bestowed on *Tannhäuser*, a care which has made this year's representations eclipse even those of 1892, in confirmation of my words. Let me just notice one tiny detail, showing how intelligent thought may add to the life-likeness of a stage-production: in *all* other theatres the chorus in the Second Act is so arranged, that the male and female singers are kept in two separate and distinct bodies; *here* we find the men scattered among the women—as they naturally would be in real life—and not only does the whole thing thereby gain in naturalness, but, in spite of the great difficulties thus thrown upon the singers, in the way of intonation, the *blending* of the sound is such as I have never heard approached before. This same device is applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to the tenors and basses in the Pilgrims' Choruses; so that we do not have a ragged tag, of one quality of voice alone, left on the stage when the remainder of the chorus has marched off. The original suggestion came from Madame Wagner herself, like so many other ideas for the Bayreuth inscenation; it is in little things like this, that the genius of management is shown.—For 1893, I am authorised to state that there will be *no* performances at Bayreuth.—W. A. E.

We have just room to acknowledge the receipt from Messrs Breitkopf und Härtel, of Mr Houston S. Chamberlain's "*Das Drama Richard Wagner's*" (3 marks), a most lucid and altogether admirable exposition of Wagner's dramatic Idea, carried out in some detail; and from E. W. Fritzsch, Leipzig, of Dr Hugo Dinger's "*Richard Wagner's geistige Entwicklung*" (75 or 6 marks), a book which attempts to deal with the whole history of Wagner's mental evolution, but which we cannot satisfactorily review until the second volume shall have substantiated the general statements of the first by the more minute analyses and comparisons it promises,—meanwhile the Chapter on 'Wagner and the Dresden Revolution' is to be strongly commended to all who have read "Wagner as I knew him," or "1849."

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*President:* THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DYSART.

*Hon Secretary:* MR CHARLES DOWDESWELL.

A subscription of £1, 1s., payable annually on the 1st of January, constitutes membership. Of this, the sum of four shillings is transmitted to Berlin for the furtherance of the general objects of the Wagner Society; the balance being retained for the working expenses of the London Branch.

Members of the Society are entitled to free admission to such Concerts, Conversaziones, Lectures, &c., as the Society is able to give during the year; to priority over the general public (up to a date fixed in each year) in the allotment of seats for the Wagner Performances at Bayreuth; and also to the current numbers of *The Meister*, and of the serial translation of *Richard Wagner's Prose-Works* (*vide infra*).

Subscriptions to be paid to the Treasurer, A. L. BIRNSTINGL, 5 Pembroke Gardens, Kensington, W.

Applications for membership, and all enquiries relative to the Society, to be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. W. H. EDWARDS, 66 St Mark's Road, North Kensington, W.

## RICHARD WAGNER'S PROSE WORKS,

TRANSLATED FOR THE

WAGNER SOCIETY,

BY THE EDITOR OF

*The Meister.*

PUBLISHED IN SERIAL PARTS, OF 32 PAGES DEMY-OCTAVO, SIX TIMES IN EVERY YEAR.

Issued **GRATIS** to Members of the Branch; to Non-Members at the price of 1/- each part (or 5/- the Annual Subscription, post free).

This series was commenced in the month of March 1891, and eleven parts have already been issued, comprising the "*Autobiographic Sketch*," "*Art and Revolution*," "*The Art-work of the Future*," "*Wieland the Smith*," and a portion of Wagner's explanatory treatise: "*A Communication to my Friends*." The latter treatise will be concluded in Part 12 (a double part, costing separately 2s.), to be issued in December, and will complete Volume I.

The works are published in book-form; i.e., the 'matter' runs on from one part to the next, and members and purchasers are begged to preserve the Parts for subsequent binding—when a volume of about 400 pages has been completed.

It is hoped that all subscribers to *The Meister* will encourage this latest effort of the Society by subscribing also to this series of translations, which it is intended to continue during the next few years.

Annual Subscriptions should be sent to W. ASHTON ELLIS, 33 Southampton Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

Single copies may be obtained of the Publishers, Messrs KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & Co., Limited, Charing Cross Road, W.C.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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*Two letters from RICHARD WAGNER.*

During the Grand Dramatic Festival at Bayreuth in 1876, a number of new Grand Pianos of the most celebrated European as well as of several American makers had been placed at Richard Wagner's disposal: among them being a new Centennial Concert Grand Piano made by "Steinway & Sons," of New York, which, from its wonderful power, beauty, and sympathetic quality of tone, far outshone all rival instruments, and which Richard Wagner at once chose for his own private use.

In the beginning of 1879 Wagner was requested by Mr Theo. Steinway to send this Grand Piano to the Steinway Central European Depot, in order to receive the latest invention, the "Tone Pulsator," patented in July, 1878. On sending the Grand, Richard Wagner wrote as follows:—

My DEAR MR STEINWAY,—I miss my Steinway Grand as one misses a beloved wife: it is wanting constantly, wanting everywhere. I no longer indulge in music since that Grand is gone, and trust its absence will not be too long protracted.—Very truly yours,  
RICHARD WAGNER.

The following letter was written to Mr Theodore Steinway by the great master, shortly after the return of the Steinway Grand (now containing the Tone Pulsator) to his home:—

My DEAR MR STEINWAY,—Really you ought personally to have witnessed the gratification which I experienced upon receiving back your magnificent Grand Piano; you certainly would not have asked me to add another word. I do indeed deem it humiliating for so many other branches of art that this art of building pianofortes alone should so closely approach such undeniable ideal perfection. I know of nothing in painting, sculpture, architecture, literature, and, unfortunately, also music, which—since I have comprehension of the same—could compare with the masterly perfection reached in pianoforte building.

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BY WM. ASHTON ELLIS,  
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